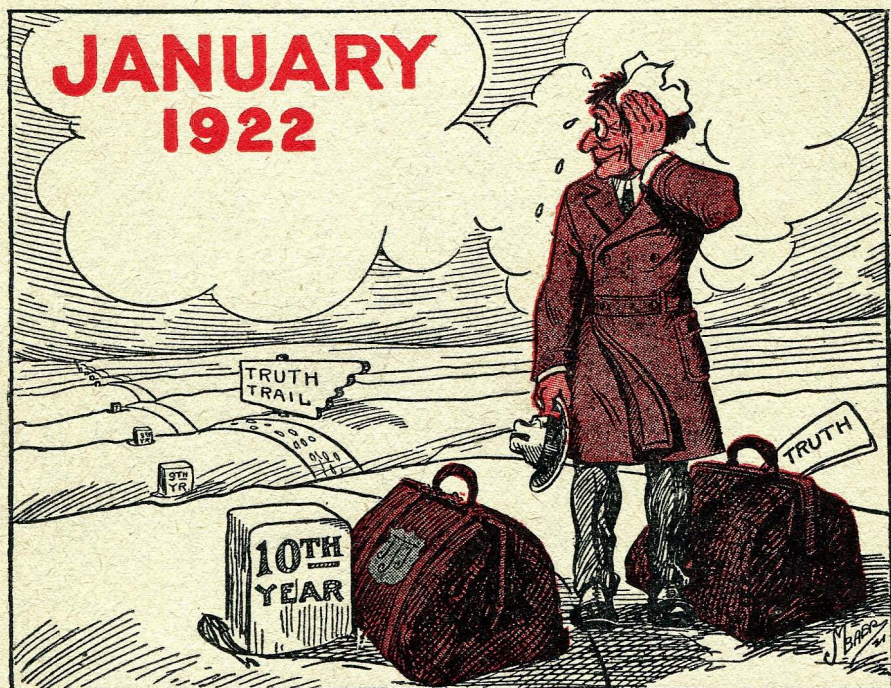
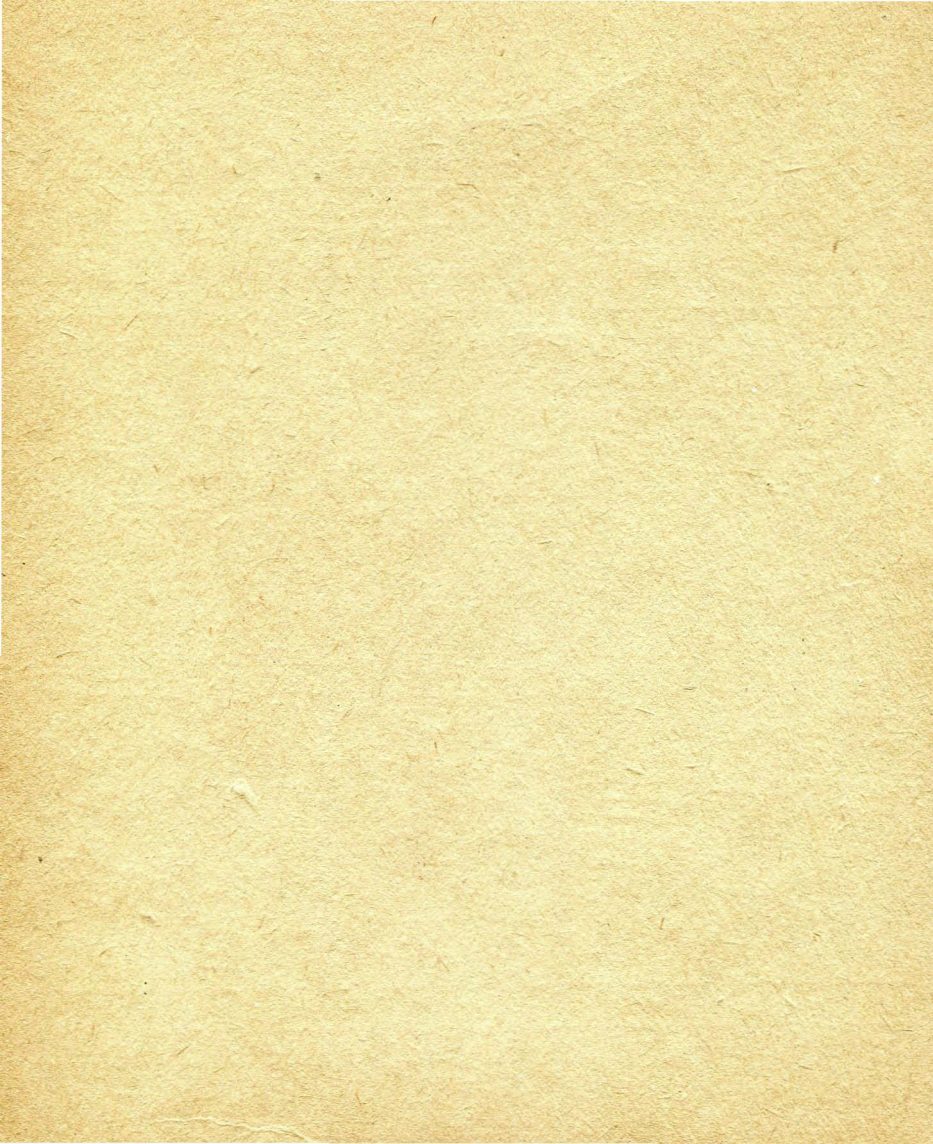


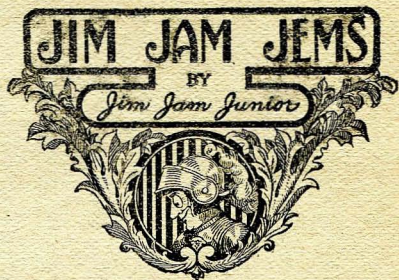
Jim Jam Jems

BY JIM JAM JUNIOR



A VOLLEY OF TRUTH





SAM H. CLARK, Editor and Publisher.
Bismarck, North Dakota

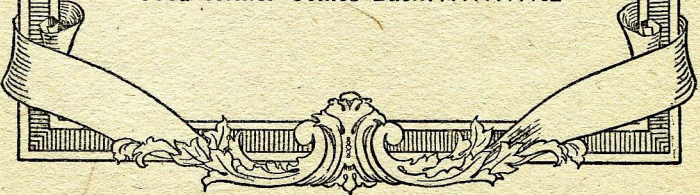
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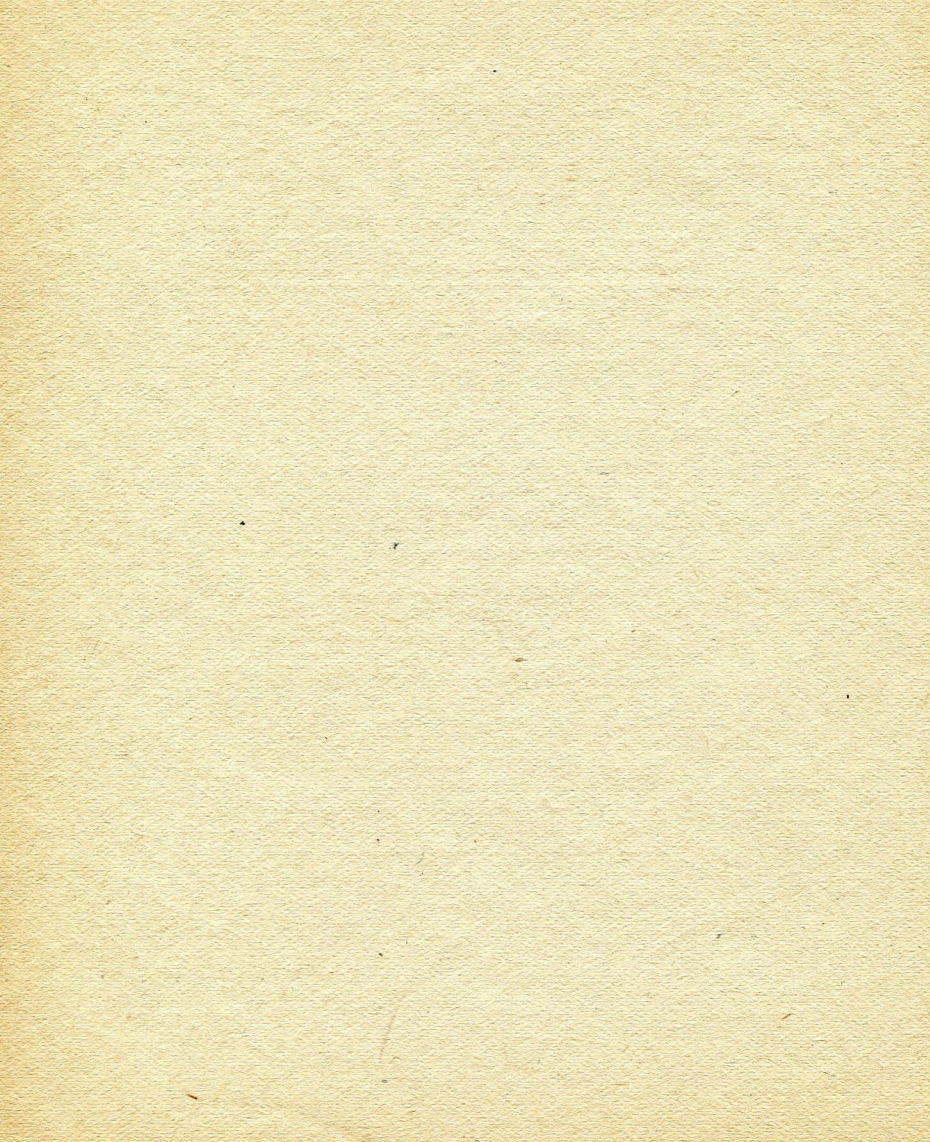


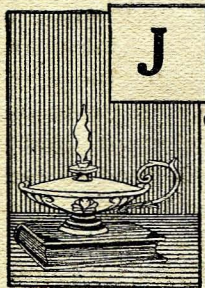
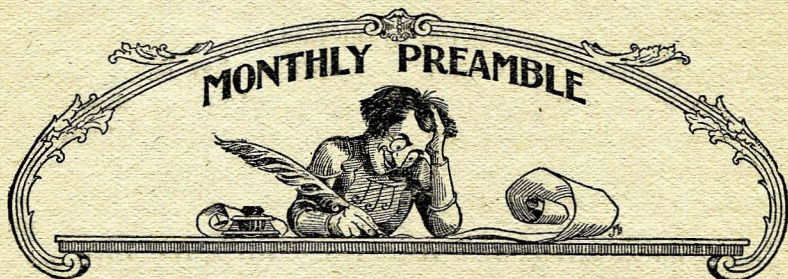
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JUST ten years ago, without notice or apology, we slipped the initial number of JIM JAM JEMS onto the seas of piratic journalism. Wise publishers insisted that it wouldn't last six months—that a publication could not exist on merit alone. They didn't say it just that way, but they did say that without advertising and subscriptions we couldn't pay the printer. Most people in fact predicted a short life and a sad ending for both publication and editor. Yet others, who feared the light of truth when they saw us blazing a trail their way, hoped to goodness that every issue would be the last. But that was ten years ago. We have never missed

an issue in all those years and never wavered from our initial statement that we would not accept any advertising of any nature whatsoever and would not take subscriptions. We announced at the outset that we simply intended to publish a monthly volley of truth and now, after ten years, we call our critics' attention to the fact that JIM JAM JEMS has made place for itself in journalism that is nation-wide, that instead of being damned as a gossip-sheet, a purveyor of sensationalism and smut, it has established itself as a plain, solid purveyor of fact, a volley of truth that makes men think and a mighty power for good.

We sometimes wonder if our average reader realizes what a lot of satisfaction there is in editing this little magazine? Just think—we don't have to kowtow to any creed, party, organization, clique, gang, set, policy, individual or band of individuals. We don't ask anybody's opinion and don't pass our copy on to some managing editor to blue-pencil before we send it to the printer. We just hump up at our desk, light a cigar, and write to our heart's content; and if the reader doesn't like what we say he doesn't need to read the next issue, nor we don't take any subscriptions. You have to go out to the news stand and spend a quarter of a dollar every month if you want JIM JAM JEMS. We don't force it on anyone and no man can say that he subscribed for the damn thing once when somebody told him about a good story in it and it just keeps coming. We write just whatever pleases our fancy and we are as happy and free in our work as a sandflea at campmeeting.

We are not a calamity howler with a lung full o' lamentations, nor a Jonah chasing 'round like a reform candidate for office shouting "yet forty days and the woods will be afire." We don't believe that the end of the world is coming until it gets good and ready and we don't believe we could stop it if it is scheduled to come tomorrow. We don't want to reform anything or anybody; when a thing needs reforming it needs the axe; we never had any time for a reform movement nor a reformed person. All we have ever attempted to do is tell a little plain truth and Lord knows there is need for the plain truth in this day and age.

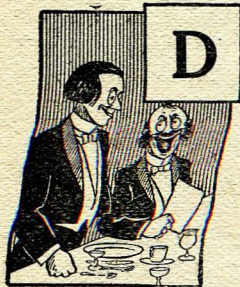
The trouble with society nowadays is that too many of us practice to deceive, we try to make our fellows think us bigger, better, braver, even richer than we really are. We practice deception to gain social position to which we are entitled by neither birth nor brains, to acquire wealth for which we render no equivalent, to procure power we cannot wisely employ. In the years of its truth telling JIM JAM JEMS has sought to jerk the mask from hypocrisy; expose wrong-doing, wallop iniquity, expose fakery and quackery in every form. No one who has followed us throughout the past ten years can deny our loyalty to the creed as laid down in the initial issue, nor can they deny our success. We have reached high up into society and jerked many an idol from a false pedestal. Prominent doctors have felt our steel; millionaires have heard the clank of the iron door of justice behind them as a result of our exposes; wronged persons have come into their own and many a scoundrel can lay his

downfall to the fact that JIM JAM JEMS found his trail. We have swept aside the creeping ivy of deception and showed the ruin hidden there; we have scraped the gloss and tinsel from many showy fronts and exposed the rottenness beneath. We have stood for truth and right in all things and we have never found the man too strong in position and wealth, the proposition too great, or any task too big for us to tackle. Our success has brought many imitators. Right now there are a dozen or more on the news stands. In size and style and appearance they are real imitators. But between the covers there is no similarity. Smutty poems, suggestive and risqué and even downright dirty stories have no merit and there is no excuse for their publication except to catch the coin of those who regale on filth. In the ten years of our existence hundred of imitators have sprung up, struggled along for a time, and then disappeared as suddenly as they appeared. And throughout the years JIM JAM JEMS has plowed its way across the uncertain sea of journalism, never wavering in its purpose and as true in its course as the needle to the pole.

We start the year 1922 with no false promises. We are going to give you the best that is in us and you know what that is. The creature cannot rise superior to its creator. JIM JAM JEMS will be just what we make it. With the earnest wish that JIM JAM JEMS has brought some new and wholesome thought into your life in the year just closed, we turn the page of 1921.

JIM JAM JUNIOR.

"THE QUEEN OF GAYOSO"



DOWN in the old city of Memphis, Tennessee, just a few weeks ago, a flivver and an ancient wagon from the poor house on Raleigh Road rattled toward Calvary Cemetery bearing the body of Clara Granger. There weren't any mourners. *One of the "hands" at the poor farm drove the wagon, while the flivver was that of Father O'Connor.* It was a simple burial service. The Man of God said "Dust to dust—ashes to ashes" and the cold clods rattled on the rough box. Clara Granger was at rest.

Forty years ago Gayoso Street in Memphis was the highway of vice. Gilded palaces flourished there. There were girls—young and beautiful girls—steeped in sin and branded with the scarlet letter. In the mad whirl of night life in the Memphis tenderloin, Clara Granger reigned as Queen.

The richest tapestries, the rarest paintings, the costliest furnishings, the most dazzling lights, together with a perfectly appointed ballroom where French-plate mirrors flashed gaudy dress and painted face in the mad whirl of the dance where blatant music could not drown the wild laughter of lust and sin. That is a fair picture of Clara Granger's palace on Gayoso Street. She had wealth and health and the girl who became an inmate of Clara Granger's house knew that she would have the rich man and the rich man's son for her prey, that wine instead of stale beer would be her drink, and that she would always get a square deal from the landlady.

Eight years ago we journeyed to Memphis, searched the newspaper files, searched the graveyards, ferreted out old timers and finally pieced together the story of Annie Cook. Annie Cook, like Clara Granger, was a Queen in the Memphis tenderloin, only she reigned a generation before Clara Granger. Do you recall our story of this martyr—the woman who stepped from the scarlet wrapper of sin into the white robes of an angel of mercy when duty called? No, she wasn't reformed. For the reformers had fled in despair. But let us tell you about it. It was during that last terrible epidemic of yellow fever, when Black Death swept through the Southland taking a toll of hundreds of lives each day. Annie Cook owned the "Mansion," the most famous palace of sin in the Memphis tenderloin. She had amassed a fortune from the wages of sin. When the fever came those who could scrape enough money together to pay transportation beat it. But not Annie Cook. She simply called her girls together,

paid them off, told them that the "Mansion" was immediately to be converted into an emergency hospital and those who wished to remain as nurses could do so and the others could go. With her own money she provided medicines. With her own hands she ministered to the suffering. Hundreds, stricken with yellow fever, were carried to her former palace of sin and cared for by the woman of the underworld. The dead were decently buried at her expense. And then there came a day when Annie Cook, worn and weary from nights of vigil at the bedside of sufferers, contracted the malady herself. Five days later her body was wrapped in a blanket and dropped into a lime-filled trench with those of countless others who had succumbed to the plague.

From the columns of the Daily Avalanche, under date of 1878, we quote the following which we found after days of search in those old newspaper files:

"Annie Cook died today. Though fallen from society, she has done noble work in nursing the sick and relieving distress. She has shown that she was good at heart at least, and none will be so uncharitable now as to remember her calling. May she rest in peace."

That is all you will find in history to the memory of Annie Cook. And that "history" is buried in the files of the old Memphis papers.

And now we come to Clara Granger. Forty years ago she was known in the underworld as the "Queen of Gayoso Street." But times changed. Gayoso Street withered before the blasts of public opinion. And Clara Granger went with it—down to poverty so abject that friends finally found a

place for her in the county alms house. In the days of her success Clara Granger was a philanthropist. Time and time again, when girls from the street—whether they had been inmates of her resort or not or whether she had ever known or heard of them mattered not to Clara Granger—when the unfortunate girl paid the wages of sin, she provided a decent burial. In that mad whirl of hell, many a girl was heard to remark, “I don’t care, Clara will see that I am decently buried,” or “I don’t care, Old Clara will take care of me if I am sick.” Nobody knows how far her charities reached, but the oldest undertaker in Memphis says he knows of countless, perhaps a hundred, girls he has buried from the Memphis tenderloin at the expense of Clara Granger.

And just a few days ago, as the bitter blasts of winter came, Father O’Connor was summoned to the poor farm to administer the last sacrament to a woman. That woman was Clara Granger. And Father O’Connor knew her story. He provided a place for her in Calvary Cemetery, and there the withered hands of the once Queen of Gayoso Street are folded across her breast in peace, without “pauper” marked against her name.

Annie Cook and Clara Granger were not pretenders. They faced the world in their true light, as women of the underworld. No, society has no place for the once-harlot. But while the most sanctimonious Christian approaches the throne of God with fear and trembling, these two women who were steeped in sin went with strong heart. No, they were not reformed. They were redeemed!

A CHRISTMAS ECHO



EDITOR JIM JAM JEMS,
Bismarek, N. Dak.

Dear Sir:

"You did me a favor once and I do hope you will grant me just one more. I will pay you well if you will tell me just how much it is. I want to send a small package to my son for it was him all right. If you remember I wrote you and you gave me Mr. Stair's address. I found out. I don't dare say anything down here where he was so well liked. We own our own home and have to stay here. I do not want it to get here although in some way it might. But I pray God it may never get here. What I want is if I send the package to you will you be kind to a poor old Mother and see that he gets it for me. I don't want to send direct to him and you set your price and I will send it to you with my prayers. I want to send it for Christmas to

let him know I have not forgotten him. Just let me know if you will then I will send it. I am a poor woman but I am heartbroken and it can't be helped. Please answer soon as I would like to send a little while before Christmas. I shall always be in your debt for kindness.

Mrs. Blank.

I mean to the prison. How I hate to write this. You have a mother maybe. Remember her then think of me."

Perchance you have read between the lines of this pitiful letter o'erbrimming with Mother love that her son is an inmate of the North Dakota State Penitentiary at Bismarck and that she couldn't bring herself to direct him a package at that address. We explained to this dear old Mother that any Mother in this land could get our poor services at any time, without any thought of pay, to help an erring son. Maybe we ought to explain that sometime since we located for this Mother the whereabouts of her son—in the Penitentiary. And we'll never forget to our dying day her letter of mingled gratitude at the discovery, of shame at the disgrace and of Mother love o'ershadowing it all.

Did we deliver that package! You know we did and we delivered one of our own to that son too and better than all we handed him his Mother's letter. We aren't going to tell you what he said for some words are too sacred, too freighted with humanity's deepest impulses to transcribe in type. But we admit that our eyes misted and that our throat swelled as we listened to that son at Christmastide—in prison garb

and in prison scenes—thanking God for his Mother and her deathless love. “Stone walls could not a prison make nor iron bars a cage” as this son—mayhap more sinned against than sinning—spoke of his childhood, of his boyhood, of his home and of his Mother! Distance was annihilated and time’s scroll was rolled back as Home and Mother filled his mental vision. Down dropped the iron bars, overtoppled the prison walls and opened wide its doors as this caged man again walked old ways and again felt his Mother’s lips upon his boyish brow. Again he went to school, again he bounded home, again he told his Mother of some boyish triumph and again he ate of Mother’s food. Backward, yes backward, turned time in its flight and that man was a lad again, just for that night! And mayhap as he lay on his prison cot that night he again felt his Mother’s kiss as he drifted off to dream of Her. As we passed out of those prison gates we thanked God that our Mother—to our mind the greatest Mother who ever graced the tide of time—wore on her brow not one thread of silver whitened by a misdeed of ours.

And then as we rolled homeward our thoughts clung to that Mother down in Iowa whose fond hands fashioned the gifts for that wayward son in that Christmas package. How proud she was when that little man child first nestled against her breast; how lovingly she fashioned his little garments; how tenderly she cared for him as he climbed each rung in the birthday ladder of his boyhood years; how she prayed every night that he might do her honor; how she instilled into him maxims of honesty and industry; how she grieved

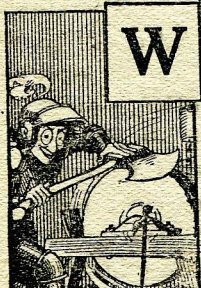
JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

at his absence and prayed for his welfare when first he left home to do battle against the world; how she cried with joy when his letters came to her; how she cried with sorrow when they ceased; how fearfully she investigated his whereabouts and how her Mother heart bled when she found that her boy was a caged criminal—all these emotions had played on the heart strings of that dear old Mother down in Iowa!

And as again Christmastide rolled in on Time's remorseless flood that dear old Mother back in Iowa—as true to her son as the needle to the pole—just couldn't resist sending that erring boy a Christmas package! Every other relative or friend on earth may bury memory when a man is buried in a Penitentiary—but not his Mother! Every other heart string on earth may be mute but a Mother's heart string will e'er vibrate in unison with the heart of the boy she bore!

What was in that Christmas package we bore to the Penitentiary we wot not and care not but every cubic inch of it was filled with value greater than beaten gold and greater than diamonds' purest glitter torn from earth's bosom—Mother Love.

INSANE INFERNOS BOMBED



E hereby plant and explode our T. N. T. bombs of truth beneath the politico-medical ramparts of two Washington State Insane Asylum Infernos. One is at Steilacoom presided over by medical despot Dr. Keller and the other is at Sedro-Woolley presided over by medical tyrant Dr. Doughty.

Our regular readers are aware that we have hitherto volleyed into and enfladed this pair of Hell pits. So diabolical—and murderous—were the facts spaded up by our representatives that we determined to further investigate in person. We have done so. We spent several very hectic days in Seattle and Tacoma interviewing victims of atrocities—discharged as sane by legal process, which would make Zulus weep at their inefficiency—and interviewing eyewitnesses of murders which would make Hindu thugs grieve at their lack of barbarity.

Here's the proposition. We say that these twain Hell pits are seething centers of murder, peonage, atrocities,

graft and lawlessness absolutely unparalleled in this land. We say that Dante's Inferno was a Paradise compared to these two Washington State Insane Asylums, one at Steilacoom and the other at Sedro-Woolley.

So hot have been our previous volleys and so unanswerable and so circumstantial have been the details of the atrocities we have spaded up that they penetrated even Governor Hart's thickened hide. He appointed a Committee—having no more legal authority than jack-rabbits and having no more power to execute decrees than a battalion of pismires—of Investigation, just a red herring dragged across these trails of infamies to distract public notice. Here's what we want to know. Does the Governor of the State of Washington have to appoint a Committee in order to punish murders, peonage, brutal assaults, false imprisonments, personal outrages and plain violations of law? Why didn't he notify the prosecuting attorney of Pierce County to prosecute murderers in the Steilacoom Asylum? Why didn't he notify the prosecuting attorney of Skagit County to prosecute murderers in the Sedro-Woolley Asylum? Why didn't he notify both prosecuting attorneys—or the Attorney General of the State of Washington for that matter—to prosecute all crimes committed in those Hell pits? Is the administration of law in the State of Washington so dead that a Governor's Committee must be appointed to pulmotor into it the breath of life or are these twain Hell pits so reeking with crime that it takes a Whitewash Committee to gloss them over?

First we are going to do a little reporting ourself on this Committee and its personnel and then we are going to ask of it some very pointed questions as to what its findings are to be.

Among the leading members of this whitewash squad are Robert B. Hesketh, President of the Seattle City Council, a politician by occupation and steeped in officialdom to his eyebrows. There is Rev. W. A. Major a Presbyterian minister of Seattle. His relative, Katherine Major, is a nurse at the King County Hospital. He log-rolled his nephew, James M. Palmer, into the berth of stenographer to the Committee. You are entitled to guess the kind of a Majority Report he'd vote for. There is Dr. Bertha L. Thomas of Tacoma, an intimate personal friend of Governor Hart and his family. This Saphira-sister vociferates that this magazine "attacks everything and everybody"—just because it had the "guts" to volley into Washington Insane Infernos. You are entitled to guess the brand of whitewash she'd like to smear. Mrs. A. E. Larsen of Yakima, president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, is a personal friend of Governor Hart's and entertained him in her box at the big Yakima fair. There is E. D. Colvin a Seattle lawyer, prominent among the youthful political element and just appointed a deputy prosecutor by Malcolm Douglas. We gamble he "prosecutes" no Insane Asylum thugs. You find Governor Hart's friends—political and otherwise—whitewash brushes in hand stationed all along on this joke of a Committee.

Also at this writing T. E. Skaggs—a more or less spavined

political war horse among Governor Hart's political hacks—is holding anxious conferences with the heads of these Insane Asylum thuggeries.

We want to ask this Committee what it is going to find about the murder of Mrs. Leone C. Peck culminating in her death—only three days after her incarceration—in the Steilacoom Hell Hole on June 18th, 1916? Here are the facts testified to by Mrs. Myrtle de Montis and by Miss E. G. Simmons, eyewitnesses of this horror.

Beginning on the 16th day of June 1916 Mrs. Peck was beaten, “kneed,” “watercured” and her ribs brutally broken by attendant viragos and harridans at Steilacoom. She died at 11:15 A. M. June 18th, 1916, in awful agonies. Mrs. de Montis and Miss Simmons testified to these facts and to the personalities of the viragos and harridans who perpetrated this murder before a Senate Committee in January 1917. This Senate Committee faithfully promised Mr. Peck, the father-in-law of this murdered woman, that the evidence would be turned over to the Washington Board of Control and that punishment would be meted out to those red-handed murderesses. Was that done? It was not. What is this Committee going to report on the Peck murder? Statutes of limitations never run against murder and are harridans and viragos—just because they chance to be Insane Asylum attendants—to have free license to commit murder in the State of Washington? We want to see if this Committee can smear enough whitewash to cover up the Peck murder, don't you?

We want to ask this Committee what it is going to find about the legislating out of existence of the State Board of Control by Governor Hart's legislative minions and the placing in the hands of the Superintendent satraps the absolute and final authority in these Insane Infernos? The Board of Control had authority over these Infernos. By legislative log-rolling—after we uncovered their infamies—it was dissolved and the Superintendent of each Insane Asylum was given “exclusive care and charge of the custodial treatment of the inmates of the institution under his care and may or may not adopt the suggestions of the Institutional Board of Health.” No Czar nor Kaiser was ever more absolute in his domain than these despots within the walls of their Infernos. And this legislation was passed after the horrors were uncovered! Why was it lobbied and “clotured”—with debate throttled—through the Washington legislature? Wasn't it passed solely to cover crime, to make its detection difficult, and its punishment almost impossible? Wasn't it just a clever scheme to entomb past horrors and murders and to guarantee safety to its perpetrators? What is the white-wash squad going to find on this subject?

What is the Committee going to find about the George Frondorf murder committed at the Sedro-Woolley Hell Hole on September 13, 1919, and witnessed by I. H. Arnold of Seattle? Here are the facts. Frondorf was a friendly, lovable man about twenty-seven years old with a beautifully built physique. On the 13th day of September, 1919, he found

a comb while walking about the grounds. He was accused of having stolen it and resented the accusation. Thereupon he was "rushed," marked to be "put up" (as murder is called at the Sedro-Woolley Hell Pit), put in a straight jacket and made as helpless as a babe. An embruted attendant (whose name is in our files) led him out on the stairs from ward three. Two more embruted attendants (whose names are in our files) joined them. Frondorf's feet were kicked out from under him and he lay prone and helpless. Thereupon they were joined by another attendant (whose name is in our files). These four men in turn stamped on Frondorf and ran for a start and jumped on him and stamped on him! This orgy of brutality continued until he ceased to scream for aid, rendered unconscious by this quartette of thuggery! He was dragged by the heels and thrown on a bed in room number 10 and left unattended. On the next Sunday morning he was dragged to the toilet and while there was seen by I. H. Arnold and moaned "My God, they have killed me!" His whole body was crushed, limp and broken. He was then dragged back into the room and one McGowan, an attendant or warden in authority, told another attendant to give him another stamping saying "I can't stamp him any more." On the next day George Frondorf died—stamped to death by a quartette of brutes who should stretch hemp! We have these facts attested by an eyewitness. Why don't we publish the names of the murderers? Because there is a "panic" on now in the Sedro-Woolley Hell Pit and we don't want all of them fleeing to Mexico! We

dare Governor Hart, Superintendent Dr. Doughty and Hart's puppy-string Committee to disinter the broken body of George Frondorf and let the fractured bones tell their own tale! And we hereby offer to submit to them the names and the evidence of eyewitnesses to this murder and the names of every one of the quartette of embruted thugs who committed it? What is this Committee going to find about the George Frondorf murder at Sedro-Woolley? Is it going to try to whitewash that crimson stain?

And right in this connection we want to state that the Sedro-Woolley Hell Pit has just completed a crematory! Why? Is it for the purpose of calcifying the broken bones of victims so that they can't mutely testify to embruted murders? It looks so.

Here are two as embruted murders as were ever pulled off on earth, one of Leone C. Peck at Steilacoom, one of George Frondorf at Sedro-Woolley, with place, date, circumstances and details as clear as God's sunlight. What is Governor Hart's Committee going to find on this subject? They can have the evidence of eyewitnesses as sane as any of them! Does sister Saphira Thomas, committee-woman of Tacoma, want to hear them or doesn't she? Are the prosecuting attorneys in the Sedro-Woolley district or in the Steilacoom district going to avenge these murders or are they going to silently join Washington's gang of politico-medical thuggery? Are Seattlè and Tacoma dailies going to volley into these murderous thuggeries or are they going to continue to lick the feet of enthroned brutality?

We have a wealth of detail as to garbage-fed patients. We are going to hand you just a few samples. Mrs. Anna C. Thompson of Seattle, held in peonage in Dr. Keller's Hell Hole, as sane as you are and finally released by habeas corpus, was called by Dr. Keller his "educated paranoiac" and was compelled to give lessons to satrap Keller's daughter. Said Keller's daughter to Mrs. Thompson: "My papa says the good things to eat go first to the doctors, then to the attendants, then to the hogs and then to the patients." Here's the proof of it—just two incidents from a mass of them. In Steilacoom there is kept a meat box in which are thrown scraps of meat and fragments of mouthed-over table refuse made into a "Mulligan" stew and fed to patients. On one occasion "Barney," a patient, fished a rat out of his portion of the stew and took it to Dr. Stewart's "stewdio" and laid it on his desk as Exhibit A of Steilacoom cookery. A nurse, Miss Peterson, in ward G also fished a rat out of the "Mulligan" she was feeding patients. Some "stewdio" at Steilacoom isn't it? Washington tax payers pay for food and patients get stewed rats! Patients have been habitually under-fed, under-nourished and handed garbage which would nauseate hogs and the authorities know it and laugh at it! Funny isn't it? What is that Committee going to find about half-starved, garbage-fed patients with taxpayers' money drawn for good food and with strutter Keller and his family and his staff and his attendants fed on dainties? Who gets the money paid for the food that the patients don't get? An audit of Stelacoom's expenditures for supplies and

testimony about stewed rats and the like would interest Washington tax payers. Will Governor Hart's puppet Committee make findings on this subject? And if not why not?

We are now going to hand you the actual experiences of two women as sane, as cultured, as refined, as well educated as any of you who read these lines. It is an experience to which hundreds of women have been subjected in these Hell Holes. Bear in mind first that both of these women were never insane, that two courts have said so and that they were both infamously railroaded to Steilacoom. We refer to Mrs. Anna C Thompson of Seattle and to Mrs. Myrtle de Montis of Gig Harbor. We have seen these women, we have taken down their statements and we want to say that the atrocities heaped upon them out-Bedlam Bedlam. They were never violent, they resisted all attempts to deprive them of their reason and they lived through tortures which make humanity shudder. Mrs. de Montis was kept in a straight-jacket six weeks and Mrs. Thompson three weeks. With that exception their experiences were practically identical. They were tied in bed, their arms tied to the head of the bed, their feet tied to the foot of the bed, and their waists tied to the body of the bed. At night they were drugged into insensibility, sometimes by "hypos" and sometimes through the mouth—despite their vigorous protests. By day—despite their vigorous protests—they were drenched with salts and forced to lie in their own excrement. You ask any physician, anatomist or physiologist what is the inevitable effect upon a woman's organization of the habit-

ual constriction and alternate powerful relaxation of her abdominal muscles by drugs carried on for weeks at a time! If he is honest he will tell you that their whole peritoneal structure becomes weakened, relaxed, partially paralyzed and drops! Such was the experience of these refined women. They were forcibly fed by a syphilitic, Kate Knowles. She tore their hair out by the roots pretending to comb it with a comb taken from her own filthy head. She scratched their flesh with her finger nails. They were daily and nightly for weeks at a time subjected to the contamination of this foul syphilitic—while as sane as you are. They were forcibly fed by this harridan and her filthy fingers crammed food into their mouths until it ran out of their nostrils! These are facts—no fictionized sketch of Bedlam horrors. We want this Committee's report on such incidents and particularly the report of Committee woman Saphira Thomas who says JIM JAM JEMS "attacks everything and everybody!" We'd like to listen to Saphira Thomas' report after she herself had endured weeks of the envenomed attacks of a syphilitic harridan and virago! Mebbe she'd "attack" Steilacoom Bedlam herself!

We saw and interviewed—among many others—I. H. Arnold of Seattle. We saw his broken feet, we felt his fractured breast bone. We listened to his descriptions of the atrocities heaped upon him, to his three escapes and recaptures and to his final release by legal proceedings. If I. H. Arnold is crazy, or ever was, we are too! We'd like to read this Committee's findings on I. H. Arnold's kidnapping!

We saw and interviewed Dr. Allan M. Kay and listened to the details of the spinal puncture atrocity, among others, pulled off on him and to the details of his final legal battle for freedom. If he is crazy, or ever was, so are we! We'd like to read this Committee's findings on Dr. Kay's kidnapping and the barbarous spinal puncture infamy pulled off on him. Mebbe Committeeman Rev. Major would like to try a spinal puncture himself after being kidnapped and beaten!

We listened to Attorney Harry H. Johnston's descriptions of the habeas corpus proceedings whereby—often without money and without price—he has liberated a battalion of sane people from these Washington Insane Infernos. We'd like to read Governor Hart's puppet Committee's report on holding in peonage the sane in these Hell Holes! Will they call Attorney Johnston with his case records before them? We gamble they won't!

Brethren, we have the dope—never you think we haven't—galore and to spare on these two Insane Hell Pits. When we volley at these buzzardries of murder and torture we load our gun with facts—don't you ever doubt it. What Governor Hart's puppet whitewashery Committee does or doesn't report we don't care a hoot in Hades. We are going to report here and now.

The central idea of the administration—or rather the mal-administration—of these two Insane Infernos is that they are not curative but are punitive institutions run for the

personal benefit of official thuggery. If you aren't insane you ought to be and they will do their utmost to make you so. Attendants—recruited largely from the scum of both sexes—insult, beat, anger, antagonize and torture patients so as to make them violent and then thrust them into straight-jackets and beat them up. They repeat this until they break their spirit and teach them by dumb brute force to be merely apathetic automata. Why? So that attendants may lead lives of leisure and force patients to do the work they themselves are paid for doing. What's the ideal Insane Asylum for these embruted attendants? Why it is just a horde and huddle of apathetic and enslaved patients doing their master's—the attendants'—bidding. And the saner you are and the more determined you are to retain your sanity the more frightfully you are tortured in order to reduce you to a condition of apathetic despair. If sane patients, taunted and tortured into resenting repeated brutalities, rebel they are to be "put-up"—attendantese for murder! Witness the fate of Mrs. Peck at Steilacoom and of George Frondorf at Sedro-Woolley and they weren't the only ones murdered either!

What is the central medical idea of superintendent satrap? To hold the job and its emoluments and its life of autocratic ease. If there were no insane there would be no jobs of superintendency and the more insane there are the more certain and profitable the job! Witness the battalion of sane people finally released from these two Hell Holes by habeas corpus. Why weren't they voluntarily discharged by these strutting tyrants? Because they want as large a

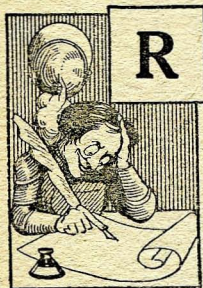
population as possible under their tyrannous sway trembling at their nod and quaking at their beck. To sit enthroned as a satrap over the daily lives of some fifteen hundred human beings enslaved to the minutest detail appeals to a certain class of medical strutdom. And when it is coupled with luxurious quarters, dainty fare, a host of servile attendants, free automobiles and plenty of liberty—though contrary to law—to practice medicine outside it is some “graft” isn’t it?

Drug ’em into insensibility, drench ’em with salts, feed ’em on garbage, leave ’em to embruted attendants to beat into apathetic despair just about describes the medical program in these Infernos! The cheapest thing in those Hell Holes is human life toyed with for personal ends and the dearest thing is that milk of human kindness soured by graft and greed and craft!

Beginning with our May 1921 issue and running through several other issues and concluding with this issue we have detailed enough murders, “redlightings,” tortures, peonages, assaults and false imprisonments in these two Insane Infernos to forever damn their perpetrators and to brand them as the most embruted thugs who ever tortured helpless humanity. That’s our report on those two Washington Insane Infernos, let the gelatine-spined Governor’s puppet Committee “report” what it may!

Over each entrance to these Infernos in letters of fire on a sable background should blaze the warning “Abandon Hope Ye Who Enter Here!”

SOUTH SEA SHIMMYRIES



REVISE your geography. The most hectic of the South Sea Islands is not in the South Sea laved by the sapphire waves of the Pacific. It is on West 45th Street, Manhattan, just on the fringe of the Broadway "Gulp" stream laved—and loved too—by successive waves of blue-jowled kikes and golden crested feminine birds of night. Boy, page "The Rendezvous" when you want the concentrated quintessence of South Sea Shimmydom.

With "The Demi-Virgin"—which we casually mentioned in our last issue—as a curtain raiser, finish the night at "The Rendezvous" and let the spiciest Isle of Spice titillate your amativeness. That's what our Manhattan representative did, and forwarded us details till his burning adjectives scorched

his manuscript. Just before his typewriter bar liquified he waveringly hammered out "Hot Dog! You finish it!" We will. And hereby drop anchor at the paprika and tobasco flavored Manhattan Isle of Spice, "The Rendezvous."

Manhattan cliff dwellers and hicks from the Big Sticks rendezvous at "The Rendezvous" at midnight's witching hour. Stags are not encouraged. Each Sampson is expected to bring his own Delilah. This prevents forays and "cutting in" by excitable stags and incidentally grows more long green admission mazuma for the box office. "The Rendezvous" is nifty and thrifty but not shifty. It is frankly a South Sea Idyl for the idle.

Except during the cuticular display and peritoneal calisthenics staged by Gilda Gray and her sister nymphs—to which we will hereafter coyly refer—it's a case of feast and "on with the dance, let joy be unrefined" and it is! The decorations, feminine and otherwise, are exotic, sensuous, erotic and the whole atmosphere is hectic with amateness. It's a veritable South Sea Isle dropped amid Manhattan canyons. It savors of isles of jade nestled in a sapphire sea, of tropical splendors, of waving palms, of purple clouds shot through with gold, of coral reefs, and of carmine sunsets! The music vibrates with the rhythmic beats of the tom-toms and with the sensuous thrills of the ukelele. The whole atmosphere reeks with a combination of barbaric splendor and of sensuous savagery as the patrons alternately gorge and dance.

Thus is the stage set. Naught is lacking except voluptuous South Sea Island femininity, and at one in the morning act

one is pulled off. The garish lights gradually lower and a dim jade light shines o'er the scene like moonlight filtered o'er a tropic sea while spicy incense pervades the air. Out prances the envoi male in a very brief grass attire with cinnamon colored skin and deftly places ornamental pedestals at each corner of the dancing floor. The music throbs liltingly and Gilda Gray and her South Sea nymphs gracilely glide into view. One nymph mounts each pedestal and attitudinizes while Gilda peritoneally contorts. Their brief grass, or shredded wheat, skirts are artistically displaced revealing apparent nudity cinnamon-hued to the shapely thighs. Gilda is cinnamon-dabbed, pink-toed, flower-coiffed, flower-embosomed and cuticularly resplendent, with lithe limbs, with supple body, with shadowy eyes of amorous languor and with a pearly smile agleam between coral lips. She is a flower-be-decked, dusky-hued, semi-nude, enticing South Sea Isle nymph amorously poised for action while her four assistant wrigglers ecstatically attitudinize. Then Gilda shimmies, shakes, writhes, coils and undulates with umbilical undulations timed to the throttled throbs of dreamy, sensuous music. It's an insinuating, insidious, sensual and artistic hoochee-coochee with her sister nymphs in reposeful antiphonies of seductive attitudes. Musical throbs slowly die on the incense-laden air, the statutesque nymphs gracefully arise, the graceful Gilda slowly stills her equatorial undulations, the moonlight fades and the South Sea nymphs fade with it into retirement.

The gorged diners regorge themselves, shimmy, camel-

walk, toddle and strive to undulate as did the undulating Gilda while barbaric drums and ukeleles jazz to action.

At three in the morning Gilda and her sister nymphs reappear with their first stunt intensified. The grass skirts have been apparently mowed down closer to the background, the nymphs glide more seductively to their pedestals, poise more sensuously and attitudinize more appealingly. The lithe Gilda shimmies more shudderingly, writhes more fantastically, coils and uncoils her equatorial undulations on the highest flood tide of erotic beckonings while the barbaric music lilts with faster throbs of orgiac harmonies. The moonlight ceases, the music stops, light floods the orgy, Gilda and her sister nymphs pirouette their dusky-dyed bodies on their bare hennaed toes, kiss their hands to the engorged pop-eyed diners, "The Rendezvous" ceases its nightly or matutinal rendezvous, and at four A. M. or thereabouts Manhattanese cliff dwellers embark from this South Sea Isle for the Idle, reascend their cliffs and seek their somnolent shelves!

It's a great life if you don't weaken and the cinnamon-hued lithe limbs and the umbilical undulations won't weaken, as long as the Broadway "Gulp" streams flow to the "The Rendezvous." But, brethren, who are really the more savage and barbarous the real South Sea Islanders naively true to their natures purely for pleasure's lure, or their Manhattanese counterfeits lasciviously aping their real betters?

OUR T. N. T. FEDERAL RESERVE BOMB



HIS is the only publication in the U. S. A. which has had the "guts" to print the truth about the Federal Reserve legalized sandbaggery. We bombed it so hard with such unanswerable facts that finally the "blow up" came with a Congressional Investigation ordered. We are going to finish what we started, too—don't you ever doubt it.

First, we are going to lay bare to you why other publications haven't dared—and don't dare yet—to volley into this oligarch of finance; second, we are going to file our charges against it taken from its own statements and prove our case from its own lips; and third, we are going to prescribe the remedy.

First. Every other paper in the U. S. A. has been as silent as a concrete-sealed tomb about the iniquitous banditries of this despot of finance. Why? Because the Federal Re-

serve System banks for the bankers and thereby can practically make or break any bank or any industry or any merchant or manufacturer or financial institution in this land by throttling its credit. It takes just one pull of the credit throttle of the Federal Reserve System to silence any newspaper in this land. Why? Because newspapers live by advertisements. And just one volley at Federal Reserve sand-baggeries would bring such a storm of protest from advertisers—with the credit throttle closed against them—that no newspaper could survive! That's the real reason why the press of this land has fawned—and still fawns—at the feet of the despotic Federal Reserve System. No advertisers can dictate to JIM JAM JEMS. That's just exactly why and the only "why" that Federal Reserve Shylockism gets exposed here and nowhere else. It isn't because other editors can't get the facts, it's because they don't dare quarrel with their bread and butter by printing the facts.

Second. We charge that it is the most arrogant and despotic financial oligarch and satrap which has ever banditized industry and we are going to prove it by its own reports here and now.

For the year 1920 its twelve regional Shylockeries made an average profit of over 160 per cent on its capital. The most unconscionable sub-banditry was the Federal Reserve Bank of New York which jimmied out 217 per cent. The shortest jimmy was pried by the Federal Reserve Bank at Dallas which only looted 89 per cent. Other sub-bandits in net profits vibrated between these two. But the net results of

the operations of the twelve Shylockeries was over 160 per cent net profit for the year 1920—taken from their own statements! We don't have to argue with you that this is sand-baggery, do we? If you own a bit of bank stock and it pays you 10 per cent you are well satisfied, aren't you? And when you multiply that by 16 you know you're in the realm of banditry, don't you? That—like the marks of the jimmy on your window sill—proves itself, doesn't it?

How do these Federal Reserve Banks get their capital? They get it by compelling member banks to buy their stock. And they limit by law that dividend to be paid to a pitiful 6 per cent—less than one twenty-sixth of it! If that isn't legalized piracy you label it, that's what we call it.

How do these Federal Reserve Banks get their deposits? By compelling member banks to deposit a certain large proportion of their reserve money with them. At this writing those commandeered reserve deposits amount to the stupendous sum of \$1,660,926,000. On this sum they pay not one cent of interest. If you could commandeer over \$1,500,000,000 of money without interest, and compel it to stay commandeered too, and lend it at huge rates, you could do pretty well yourself, couldn't you? Well, that's all these "kings of finance" do. At this writing the commandeered capital at a piffling six per cent amounts to just \$103,034,000 and the commandeered deposits at no per cent amounts to \$1,660,926,000—one third of all the real money in this U. S. A.! If that isn't the absolute peak of super-Shylockism you name it, that's what we call it.

At this writing the total "earning assets" (that is, the bonds, notes, bills and certificates of indebtedness paying interest) of these twelve amalgamated Shylockeries amounts to just \$1,577,889,000 against which they pay only six per cent interest on the piffling capital sum of but \$103,034,000. That leaves them for gross profits interest on the stupendous sum of \$1,474,855,000! Why, at six per cent alone—and they have been habitually forcing much higher rates—it amounts to \$88,491,300 a year. If that isn't the dizzyest height of legalized sandbagging, you name it, that's what we call it.

At this writing these Shylockeries have the leviathan sum of \$2,772,721,000 in gold. Can you get any of it? You can't get a petty \$5 gold piece for a Christmas gift. If you think you can, take your perfectly good check to your perfectly good bank and try it! You're on the "gold basis"—with the base buried so deep in Federal Reserve vaults of gold that you can't get a piece of your own gold. It's the greatest store of gold ever massed together on this planet and you can't get a stiver of it!

These oligarchs financially father, mother, mid-wife, wet-nurse, feed or starve you as best suits their whim, their convenience—or if they see fit—their personal interest. Watch 'em do it! They inflated you skin tight with Bills Discounted of \$3,126,594,000 on November 5th, 1920, almost two years after the close of the war, and then deflated you by just \$1,742,518,000 of that amount at this writing. In other words arbitrarily and in practically one year they withdrew \$1,742,518,000 from your banking credits. On top of that they

forced retirement of Federal Reserve notes from \$3,404,931,000 in December, 1920, to \$2,440,862,000 at this writing, or a reduction of \$964,069,000 in practically one year. So that practically in one short year between banking credit withdrawn and Federal Reserve notes retired from circulation this U. S. A. has had \$2,706,647,000 of the life blood of commerce drained from it! Is it any wonder that times are hard, commerce at a standstill and the unemployed thronging the cities? It is over \$25 out of the pocket or bank account of every man, woman, and child in the U. S. A.—arbitrarily and ruthlessly contracted. It is more than twice the capital of all the National Banks in the U. S. A.—retired in one year! If that isn't the greatest blood-letting of commerce in the world's history you name it, that's what we call it!

Now you're ready for the "Expense Account." It was the suppression of the items of this titanic graft—against which JIM JAM JEMS has volleyed—which finally brought the "blow-up"! For 1920 these despotic wastrels spent \$29,889,307 of your money—wrung from your industry—in expenses only or an average of \$2,490,000 apiece for each one of its sub-Shylockeries!

We haven't the space to hand you a list of all the exorbitant salaries paid to favored officers of these twelve Shylockeries but we have spaded up the titanic increases in salaries paid in the leviathan Shylockery, the New York Federal Reserve Bank. Also we have spaded up and hereby hand to you precisely what each one received before he attached himself to Uncle Sam's teat. It's worth your study. Here's the list:

JIM JAM JEMS BY JIM JAM JUNIOR

Name	Former Salary	Present Salary
Louis F. Sailer.....	\$ 6,500	\$30,000
E. R. Kenzel.....	3,000	22,000
D. H. Barrows.....	3,000	7,500
E. H. Hart.....	4,800	15,000
L. H. Hendricks.....	9,500	18,000
Gidney, R. M.....	2,500	15,000
Gilbart, A. W.....	3,000	12,500
Rounds, L. R.....	2,800	12,500
J. D. Higgins.....	3,000	12,000
J. W. Jones.....	2,600	10,000
G. E. Chapin.....	3,000	10,000
Lins, A. J.....	1,320	10,000
W. B. Matteson.....	2,200	10,000
Jay Crane.....	1,320	7,500
I. W. Waters.....	1,800	7,200
C. H. Coe.....	2,200	7,200
W. A. Hamilton.....	4,000	7,000
John Raasch.....	1,000	6,000
H. R. Murray.....	1,600	6,000
B. M. Grant.....	2,400	6,000
E. C. French.....	2,500	6,000
S. S. Vansant.....	1,100	5,000
Pierre Jay.....	16,500	30,000
Shepard Morgan.....	7,500	15,000

Strange, isn't it, that when in private employ the over-
 weening financial abilities of those "kings of finance" weren't
 discovered? Strange, isn't it, that a man worth \$6,500 a year

in private employ is suddenly worth \$30,000 a year to the Federal Reserve Satrapy? Strange, isn't it, that a man worth \$1,320 a year suddenly blooms into a value of \$10,000 a year when his lips clamp on a Federal Reserve teat? Strange, isn't it, how one of these gentry is worth \$6,000 to the Federal Reserve when he was only worth \$1,000 a year in private employ? However much financial despotism has deflated the public it hasn't deflated its own pay rolls much, has it? Study these figures for yourself. They tell you more than pages of language could tell you about the practical results of financial oligarchy in salary raising feats!

At this writing in a little over five years these twelve amalgamated super-Shylockeries have—after deducting their titanic expenses—lanced your production and industry for \$276,969,000 of accumulated surplus or profits!

We hereby label this Federal Reserve System as the most despotic and ruthless financial oligarchy which ever bestrode commerce and knifed production to the bone in the world's history! It's arrogant, arbitrary, ruthless, despotic and greedy beyond human conception—for there is nothing with which to compare it!

It taxes every human being in the U S. A., it is a parasite upon production and opens and closes the valves of commerce at its whim. It—or the oligarchs who administer it—increase and decrease the volume of your money and of your credit just when, how and as they please. We have shown you just where they drew off \$2,706,647,000 of your money and banking credit in one year. We say that isn't deflation,

we say it's on the edge of destruction! If you can govern the money and the bank credits of this land you needn't care whoinhel makes the laws, need you? A nation with its banking credits hamstrung and its circulating money bled out of it till it's white is as helpless as a babe—make the laws who may!

Sum up now this whole matter and ask yourself these questions:

If you are a stockholder in a member bank of this arrogant Shylockery, ought you to be compelled to furnish its capital at 6 per cent out of which it sandbags 160 per cent? Isn't 154 per cent leverage on your money just legalized piracy?

If you are a depositor in a member bank, as doubtless you are, and drawing but 4 or 5 per cent interest on your time deposit if any, ought a large part of your money to be commandeered without interest? If this amalgamated Shylockery paid your depository bank a fair rate of interest it could and would pay you a better rate, wouldn't it?

Do you want your banking credit or your circulating money bled out of you at the arbitrary whim—or the hidden purposes—of a coterie of financial despots? Do you and your family and your children and your business want to wobble along at the whim of a coterie of oligarchs who can by the stroke of a pen ruin your work of a life? Oughtn't there to be some curb on such boundless power? Do you know of any other despot or coterie of them on earth who wields such an unrestrained scepter? Do you want good times or tight times, profit or loss, employment or unemployment to

rest in the mere whim of a coterie of oligarchs? Do you want to be financially starved or fed at the unrestrained power of the Federal Reserve Board which like the wind "bloweth where it listeth"?

Do you want your servants—and that's all the arrogant Federal Reserve Board is—to use a titanic and legally limitless "expense account" with such salaries as we have here mentioned?

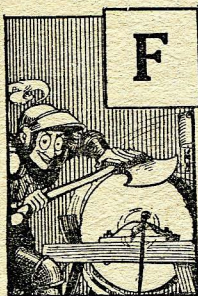
Do you want these servants of yours to bleed your toil, your production and your commerce by financial free-bootery out of sums netting 160 per cent per year?

Of course you don't want to endure such legalized financial banditries. Neither do we.

What's your remedy? To cut out the unrestrained power of these Shylock despots; to make them pay a fair rate of interest on your commandeered capital; to make them pay a fair rate of interest on your money commandeered into their leviathan deposits; to make them reduce their exorbitant interest rates out of which their Shylockery grows; to make them reduce official salaries to a reasonable figure, and to curb their power to "deflate" your banking credit and your circulating money to your irreparable harm.

That's just what you are entitled to have. And that's why we plant these T. N. T. bombs under this arrogant Federal Reserve Oligarchy. We challenge these Shylocks to question our facts. They come from their own reports. "If you see it in JIM JAM JEMS, it's so!"

FATTY'S DEGENERATION



FROM the drawing of the bi-sexual jury in San Francisco's Hall of Justice until the close of its vociferous disagreement anent the elephantine Arbuckle our representative sat and watched Moviedom's screen unroll itself. It was a three week's continuous performance with the "close up" too late for our December issue. But here you have—just as it really happened—one of the most famous trials ever staged.

For the killing of Virginia Rappe it was Moviedom—far more than the obese Arbuckle—at the bar. It was Moviedom, puffed with the insolent pride of bloated coffers, strutting about in its self-asserted immunity from criticism, preening itself through batteries of presses controlled through its titanic advertising appropriations, asserting in effect its right to stage orgiastic revels—which battled, and in vain, for the magic words of "Not Guilty!" It was Moviedom—

with its practically limitless treasury—which sought to protect its huge investments in Fatty's films of antictry. It was Moviedom which had shot Fatty's rocket into stardom and 'twas Moviedom which sought to keep it there by staging a triumphant acquittal for its pet galumphing clown. That's the angle, and the only angle, of true vision from which to view Virginia Rappe's maimed remains. If Moviedom couldn't acquit the roisterous Roscoe an enormous footage of films would whizz into the celluloid discard!

Ever since last Labor Day when Virginia Rappe was dragged from that room in the St. Francis Hotel, where she had been alone with Arbuckle, writhing in the agonies of a ruptured bladder—which four days later entombed her—the release of this film has been heralded by Moviedom. When to the dismay of the Mazuma Monarchs of the Films, Fatty was held to answer for manslaughter, instead of being triumphantly dismissed, Moviedom's highest powered mouth-piece, Gavin McNab, was put in charge in the legal projecting room. If anybody in this U. S. A. knows just what footage of a legal film to "cut out" and just what footage to throw on Justice's screen it's Gavin McNab. He defended Jack Dempsey—Pathe's pet. He opposed before the Nevada Supreme Court the annulment of Mary Pickford's divorce from Owen Moore. He is as astute a lawyer—with oodles of sarcasm and aphorism in his "toot"—as functions on the Pacific Coast, and as director general he took charge of Moviedom's "stewdio" for that set. He kept on his staff Milton Cohen, Fatty's personal legal hireling, and Charles H. Bren-

nan, a clever "handler" of San Francisco newspapers on whose various staffs he formerly served as a reporter. 'Twas an astute legal trio running that film—don't overlook that fact.

Now watch Moviedom's influence percolate. Who is the best trial lawyer on the district attorney's staff in San Francisco? It is Isadore Golden whose arguments resulted in the holding of "Fatty" for the killing of Virginia Rappe. Golden took a "runout" film footage and on the eve of the trial imperative "business" called him to New York. This left the prosecution's film to be directed by district attorney Brady, good natured and easy going, by Milton U'Ren of mediocre ability, and by young Leo Friedman who will know more when years give him a chance to learn more.

Thus the stage was set in the Hall of Justice. Immediately across the way lies Portsmouth Square where in the old days of the Vigilantes they hanged men for lesser crimes than the one with which "Fatty" stands charged. In Judge Louderback's courtroom were modern Vigilantes—San Francisco club women delegated as a committee to watch this Movie-dom film in the interests of justice.

It took a week to run the jurors' film. The final cast selected for this bi-sexual jury was seven men, five women and an "emergency" or thirteenth juror. In the examination for this jurors' and juresses' cast Gavin McNab threw such spot lights on Fatty's innocence as made purity look like a soft coal bunker. He fairly manufactured a halo for "Fatty's" fat head.

"Fatty" watched McNab's verbal white varnish strokes with rapture. Fatty's wife Minta Durfee—whom he hadn't seen for five years till Moviedom sent her thither to weep on Fatty's shoulder—sat entranced as McNab's whiter-than-driven-snow film of purity glistened on the screen. Los Angeles movie magnates surrounding the enraptured Fatty and the mistily deliquescent Minta Durfee swell up like poisoned pups as the Moviedom screen of purity projects itself.

Here is reel one—screened by mutual consent. Fatty, Lowell Sherman, movie actor, Fred Fischbach, movie director and Ira Fortlouis, a gown salesman, occupy rooms 1219, 1220 and 1221 in the St. Francis Hotel on Labor Day. Enter Virginia Rappe with her pseudo "Manager" Al Semnacher, Mrs. Maud Bambina Delmont, Alice Blake, an entertainer, Sadie Reiss who pronounces her name Zey Prevost, and Mrs. Mae Taube a matron with an absent husband. Food engorgement, gin, whiskey, pajama-clad men, lingerie-open-work women, music, dancing and one of Moviedom's staged orgies of indiscriminate revelry flash on the silver screen. Virginia Rappe attempts to enter room 1221—but the door is locked. And Mrs. Delmont, then therein with a male companion, informs Virginia that she "can't come in just now"—doubtless engaged in devotional exercises.

Here's the prosecution's reel. Zey Prevost gurgles that she saw Virginia Rappe turn from the door of 1221, cross 1220 and enter Arbuckle's room headed for the bath room. She says—with modestly lowered eyelids—that she saw Arbuckle follow her and close the door. A hectic half hour passes.

Suddenly she finds herself alone in 1220, Mrs. Delmont erupts from 1221 and pages Virginia. Mrs. Delmont kicks and bangs at the door of Arbuckle's room. Arbuckle finally opens it tying his bathrobe over reeking wet pajamas. In rush the women to find Virginia lying upon one of the two beds shrieking "I am dying, he hurt me!" Then appear Alice Blake, Semnacher, Fischbach and Sherman. They disrobe Virginia shrieking with pain, immerse her in a cold bath and vainly seek to relieve her agonies. She swears that Arbuckle roared out: "Shut up your noise or I'll throw you out of the window!" Then enters the summoned hotel management and Virginia is carried to another room.

Moviedom throws cross lights on Zey Prevost's film and softens its savageries. Alice Blake tells much the same story and Moviedom astutely tones down its horrors with McNab's verbal light reducers.

Nobody calls Mrs. Delmont. She—by reason of a mess of varying tales—is exorcised and "cut out" of the footage altogether. Naught but her spirit—with alcoholic aromas—flits o'er the reel.

The prosecution now projects reel two, its Chamber of Horrors. Medicos Ophuls, Rumwell and Wakefield performed an autopsy on the body of the spirit-flown Virginia Rappe. They describe her ruptured bladder with medico Ophuls—like the coroner's jury—declaring that an external force caused the rupture. Moviedom tries to throw a counter light of a "spontaneous explosion" of the bladder and says its own experts will later project that film.

Various witnesses describe Virginia Rappe's robust health. Jesse Norgaard, former janitor at the Lehrman studio at Culver City, swears that Fatty tried to bribe him to deliver up the key to Virginia Rappe's room. Minta Durfee Arbuckle strives to register incredulity with a toss of her head—but it doesn't "get over." And Fatty strives to register horrified grief at such an imputation against his pristine purity—but it gets lost in his facial obesity.

Then flashes the "door reel"—the prosecution's "star set." It's the door leading into the hotel corridor located near the bed on which Virginia Rappe was first found. It's a Sherlock Holmes stunt staged by a finger print "consulting criminologist." The flash shows finger prints from the dead hand of Virginia Rappe and superimposed over them finger prints from "Fatty's" paw so placed as to realistically depict Virginia's vain struggles to escape and "Fatty's" clumsy force to hold her in his lascivious embraceries! Also hairs—said to have been torn from the body of Virginia Rappe—are exhibited and woven into a "hair net" for Fatty's enmeshment!

O'er all these "Chamber of Horrors" reels Moviedom through the astute McNab, throws cross-lights of doubt's most golden glammers.

Then the inevitable great medico Hypothetical Question is flashed. Starting with an inquiry based upon everything testified to and ending thusly "And supposing, doctor, that this young girl is made the object of a criminal assault—" The "flash" breaks as Moviedom goes right through the ceiling! The astute McNab and all his legal sub-directors vocifer-

erate choruses of objections! The court sustains them. Arbuckle's facial adipose crinkles into an exultant grin, Minta Durfee smirks and all Moviedom exults! The great Hypothetical Question is "cut out" from the film footage.

Now director McNab and his sub-directors stage reel three—the Defense Reel—with all the astuteness and camouflage of veterans stimulated by huge mazuma injections. Space limitations prevent full photographs of this masterly reel but we'll give you the high lights—and "high" is right too.

Enter the "medical experts" after having duly bombed Moviedom's treasury. They are headed by Dr. George F. Shiels, veteran of the Thaw trial and Government expert in the sanity investigation of poltroon slacker Bergdoll. Can bladders spontaneously explode when not in healthy condition? Certainly and of course they can! May they be burst through coughing, vomiting, sneezing? Sure they can! According to these subsidized medicos bladders spontaneously exploding are popping all over the landscape!

Harry Barker threw in a side flash of "sweethearting" Virginia for nearly five years and of numerous occasions when—after a hootch party—she doubled up, moaned, writhed and tore her clothes. He swore he was never engaged to Virginia but had known her pretty well—pretty well, you understand!

Several others swore to like episodes—in effect that when Virginia and booze and bladder came together moans, groans, doubling-up and clothes-rending resulted. They had Virginia reeling right in this reel!

"Call Roscoe Arbuckle!" megaphones Director McNab and the Great Sensation of the third reel flashes. Fatty elephantinely ambles to the stand and Director McNab solders a halo of purity to his fevered brow. Nobody ever could be really as innocent as Fatty looked!

Of all the dissolute sprouts of Moviedom cluttering up his apartment on Labor Day not one of them were there by his invitation except Mrs. Mae Taube with whom he was to go motoring. He was just an innocent by-standing host surrounded by a mess of uninvited guests. The hootch was there but he didn't provide it. He casually noticed that Virginia glided from the large room of reveling into room 1221 but he didn't follow her. Soon after, glancing at the clock, he noted that it was about time for his motor ride and concluded to doff his pajamas and bath robe and to don clothes that even San Francisco wouldn't object to. Here's the way Fatty naively put it: "I went to my bedroom, 1219, and locked the door. I went right to the bathroom, and there, on the floor lay Virginia Rappe. She was rolling in pain, and holding her abdomen. She had been vomiting. I helped her to get up, and held her head while she again became nauseated. I wiped her face with a towel, and gave her water to drink, and helped her from the bathroom and laid her on one of the beds. I went back to the bathroom, and when I came out, she had fallen off the bed and was lying on the floor, writhing and moaning. So I picked her up again, and put her on the other bed, and went right to the door leading to 1220, opened it, and looked for Mrs. Delmont.

No one was there except Miss Prevost, and she went right in when I told her Virginia was sick. Mrs. Delmont came from room 1221 and went into 1219 with Miss Prevost. When I went in again Virginia was sitting up, and was tearing her clothes off. I went out and when I came back they had gotten her undressed, and she was on the other bed, nude. Mrs. Delmont was rubbing her with ice, and there were several pieces on the bed and on Virginia's body. I took one up and said 'What's the idea?' and Mrs. Delmont said 'You put that back I'll take care of this case.' And I put it back. And then Mrs. Delmont tried to order me out of the room and I said: 'If you don't shut up I'll throw you out of the window.' "

And with the utmost sangfroid, Fatty goes on to tell that Fischbach and the others came in, and put the girl in a tub of cold water. And he describes the summoning of the management, and his order to Mrs. Delmont to "go and get some clothes on," and the carrying of Virginia Rappe to a room provided by the hotel people.

Perfect? Pat? Smooth? We'll say it was. Two hours of cross-examination bombing couldn't shatter Fatty's twenty minute "flash!" Be it as true as Gospel or be it as false as Hell, be it as "spontaneous" as Virginia's bladder explosion or be it as carefully rehearsed as Fatty's most meticulous antictry, it held its footage! If it were merely antictry's artistry it was good artistry.

Oodles of other testimony were projected in this reel by Director McNab and his sub-directors.

But it was over Fatty's "flash" that Moviedom waved its banners, clashed its brasses, beat its cymbals, and tooted its tuba!

Wave after wave of oratory as artful and as persuasive as ever beat the air broke upon that bi-sexual jury. Every reel—on both sides—with titles, with sub-titles and with the craftiest explanations was thrown again and again on the jury's mental screen.

Moviedom with all its art, with all its almost limitless resources, with all its most polished verbal persuasions and with the greatest stage "set" ever built in a courtroom strove—but strove in vain—to get seven men and five women to "haloize" "Fatty" with a Not Guilty halo! Even Moviedom's millions couldn't paste "martyr" on Fatty's huge film footages!

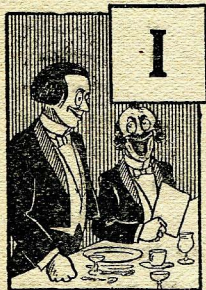
That bi-sexual jury's disagreement—like the Scotch verdict of "Not Proven"—leaves "Fatty's" films where it found them, in the celluloid junk heap!

Fatty is to be tried again this month! Mebbe—mebbe not! Making such films costs both sides oodles of mazuma bales. And feminine obstinacy and masculine sympathy in a bi-sexual jury would still register in San Francisco.

Also some films do wear out with usage and were we Fatty—if we could—we'd sidestep that court room "set!"

It looks to us—it really does—as if a "spontaneous" bladder explosion had blown Fatty's films into a composite negative of a moneyless vacuum! At all of which Moviedom, ever greedy, moans and sobs.

"UNCLE GEORGE'S" CORNUCOPIA



IN our issue of November 1920 under the title of "A Sunshine Sprayer" we mentioned "Uncle George" of "Ole Kaintuck" and he's at it again and here's where he draws another mention. When "the frost is on the pumpkin and the corn is in the shock" "Uncle George" empties his Cornucopia into the deserving and toil-worn hands of Motherhood. Thusly he does it at Louisville, Kentucky, and we're for him.

Out go "Uncle George's" solicitors. To get money? Bless you, no! To distribute it. Instructions are to find every "Mother in Louisville upon whose daily wages children are dependent for a living" and to issue her a ticket entitling the holder to a free basketful of real food.

There recently at the Louisville Interurban freight sta-

tion at Liberty street rolled up a freight car closely packed with fresh beef, chickens, mutton, pork, potatoes, corn, pumpkins, greens, flour, meal, sugar, lard and the like. No red tape to be unwound. Just present your ticket, choose from the cornucopia, load your basket to the brim, go home and cook the kiddies a series of real meals from real food!

On the back of each ticket was printed "Uncle George's" sermonette. Here it is.

"Motherhood and work are both most honorable. It is no disgrace to work, yet it hurts my heart to see a mother forced to leave her little ones, often alone all day, and go out to toil. But it is enough to melt a heart of stone to see the dear mother, after working hard all day, hear her children cry at night for lack of needed medicine and food which her meager wage cannot supply. I find mothers in Louisville nearly every day sick enough to be home in bed, yet they struggle on and on in factory or store, trying to feed their fatherless children. This food is for such mothers. Faithful, toiling mother, bring your basket and give me the joy of filling it for you. And may this little gift put some sunshine into your heart and home and encourage you to give your life and precious children to Him who uses my gift in fulfilling His promise to be a husband to the widow and a father to the orphan!"

Here's a man whose sermon flows from a heart overflowing with real love for motherhood and for childhood. Here's a man who practices the Golden Rule with but few words and with many deeds. Here's a man who sprays sunshine

instead of a mess of gloom slugs. Here's a man who takes a very short text, to be "a husband to the widow and a father to the orphan," and then practices deeds of bounty instead of spouting geysers of hot air verbiage from a pulpit neath vaulted ceilings, amid softened lights, to pews full of somnolent hearers. Here's a man who doesn't rhapsodize anent the blisses of Paradise but fills out yawning peritoneums in the Here and Now. Here's a man who doesn't adjure you to go down into your Kentucky jeans and produce money to "follow the equator with Foreign Missions" but fills out childhood's equator in Kentucky's Here and Now.

"Uncle George"—whose real name is George C. Cates of Clifford Station near Shelbyville, Kentucky—isn't rich as riches go in this era of organized predacity but he has an enormous balance in the Bank of Gratitude and we gamble that when he fronts Saint Peter's wicket his check for entrance will be promptly certified!

In a world full of money hounds spraining their brain cells to devise some new scheme to pillage widows and orphans of their little all "Uncle George" has but one ambition—to relieve their distress. Motherhood and childhood, the two holiest states 'neath Jehovah's canopy, spell opportunity to give—not to graft—to "Uncle George." He's done this thing before too and we're hot on his trail and we're going to keep on "exposing" him. "Uncle George" works and plans and digs and delves and schemes to fill his cornucopia and then schemes some more—to empty it where it will do the most good!

There's a sermonette, a sermon and volumes of 'em preached by "Uncle George" every time he upturns a cornucopia into the toil-worn hands of Motherhood striving to sustain their fatherless bairns, and it's all preached from this text "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these ye have done it unto Me."

We don't know—nor care—in what sectarian corral "Uncle George" parks his car. He steers it by the Golden Rule headed due heavenwards o'er the fairest pike man can travel. We're for "Uncle George." Aren't you?



MAIMING MOTHERHOOD



WHADUYU—fathers and mothers of this land—think of the proposition of being legally deprived of your children unless you submit to being sexually denatured? By this monstrous proposition Margaret Sanger and her birth control faddists are outfooted and left far rearwards. The utmost they propose to do is to *control* birth but these sterilization monsters propose to *annihilate* birth. Thusly arose the monster of sterilization—merely a euphemism of annihilating humanity's power of reproduction.

Judge Royal Graham—with a suggestion of Czardom in his first name—was disfiguring the bench of the Juvenile Court in Denver, Colorado. Came before him Mrs. Clyde Cassidente, the mother of five children.

She had been haled thither by a mess of snoopocratic "welfare workers" obsessed by the delusion that they must attend to everyone's affairs but their own. They infest almost every community and daily tempt the fool killer. There was a terrible accusation lodged against Mrs. Cassidente. It was to the effect that she and her husband were unable to support their bairns with all the frills of modern luxuries deemed necessary by these social survey snoopocrats! It wasn't charged that they were paupers but it was charged in effect that if they persisted in carrying out Jehovah's command "to multiply and replenish the land" their children might become public charges.

Then erupted Dr. Roy Sunderland, the inevitable snooping medico—doubtless with a fee itching palm in the immediate offing. "What would you suggest as a remedy?" queried the Royal jurist. "That Mrs. Cassidente submit to a sterilizing operation," yapped out the snooping medico! "I will continue this case to January 10th," the judge announced, "and in the meantime I want the doctor's suggestion carried out." We gamble that the "doctor's suggestion" isn't "carried out!" Any such court order, if ever made, isn't worth the paper that bears it as this joke of a jurist knows if he knows anything. And also in the offing stands Mr. Cassidente who protests against his wife being sexually maimed and also there stands in the offing a coterie of sane Denverites who don't propose to have their womanhood degraded by such orgiastic "operations!"

Sangerite birth control propagandists hail this as "the first

birth control order in the U. S. A." We hail it as the most damnable attempt at snoopocratic annihilation of womanhood's holiest function ever staged. And here and now we are going to hand it a sturdy wallop.

It's just one of the slimy tentacles of snoopocratic tyranny reaching out for personal liberty in this land. Are women in this U. S. A. going to be sexually maimed at the whim of a mess of busybody "welfare workers" aided by servile judges and by greedy medicos? Are they going to be prepared for a life of naught but sterile courtesanship—legalized or otherwise—merely because they chance to be temporarily poor? Should their circumstances alter, as they often do in this land, could these "welfare workers" or complaisant judges or preening medicos, or all the battalions of snoopocracy for that matter, restore to maimed womanhood her most sacred function? You know they couldn't and they know they couldn't—any more than they could regrow an amputated leg! Boiled down to its essence what they really propose to do is to throttle humanity at its source merely because some mother chances to be temporarily poor. Is the mere possession of wealth going to determine the right of maternity in this land? Is the ruthless Rule of Gold after "getting away" with millions of abortions and doing practically the same thing under the gauzy guise of "birth control" going to push further its damnable doings by maiming Motherhood? And if these strutting snoopocrats—attending to everybody's business but their own—once succeed in maiming Motherhood how long will it be ere they begin to maim fatherhood, too?

And the first thing you know married people will have to apply for a court order before they can be permitted to fulfill the avowed object of their marriage!

There is also another very interesting angle to this proposition. Put the shoe on the other foot. Suppose that Judge Royal Graham or the preening Dr. Sunderland, with his ever ready cleaver in his hand, if married should chance to undergo a change of fortune. How would they then like to have their wives denatured? And if poverty is to debar maternity and maim motherhood a man like Abraham Lincoln—whose parents supped of poverty's deepest dregs—would never have graced the tide of time! If poverty is to annihilate maternity and if the Rule of Gold is to rule creation this world can prepare for wavelets of emasculated nincompoopery. Poverty has ever been the spur of progress.

We want to say that we are "agin" the whole system of damming—and damning, too—the immutable laws of Nature and the decrees of Jehovah by successive gangs of snoopocratic women masquerading around under the cloak of "welfare workers." They are mostly coteries of sharp nosed snoopocrats who wouldn't know a babe from a baboon nor a diaper from a dinosaur! They are mostly a mess of flat-bosomed semi-hermaphrodites with no more milk of human kindness in their hearts than in their withered bosoms! They are mostly fitted to "mother" and slobber over some becurled poodle dog, with no more maternal instincts in their sterile hearts than they have brains in their empty heads! A photograph of their mentalities would just about fill our idea of a

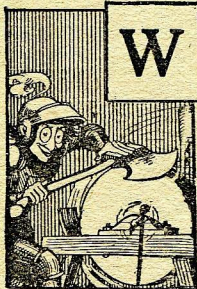
composite picture of a vacuum! The most of these "welfare workers"—birth control faddists, patronizers of fashionable abortionists and motherhood maimers under the guise of "sterilization"—are just pestiferous snoopocrats and Meddlesome Matties mumbling and chittering and chattering a mess of damphoolishness when they ought to be suckling a husky babe!

Aren't there enough courtesans in this land now—professed and otherwise—without adding to them battalions of sterilized women maimed of motherhood, mere beckoners of lasciviousness? We say there are.

From these few coy and shrinking remarks you may infer that JIM JAM JEMS isn't charmed with the concentrated damphoolishness of maiming motherhood—the destruction of woman's holiest attribute.

A dispatch tells us, since the above was written, that Mrs. Cassidente declares that she will "kill any judge or doctor who tries any sterilization on her." Good! If liberty is worth having it's worth fighting for—from 1776 down to "sterilization" tyranny in 1921.

FRED KOHLER COMES BACK

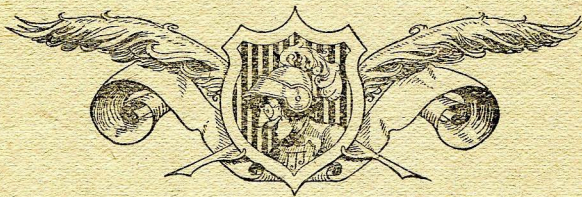


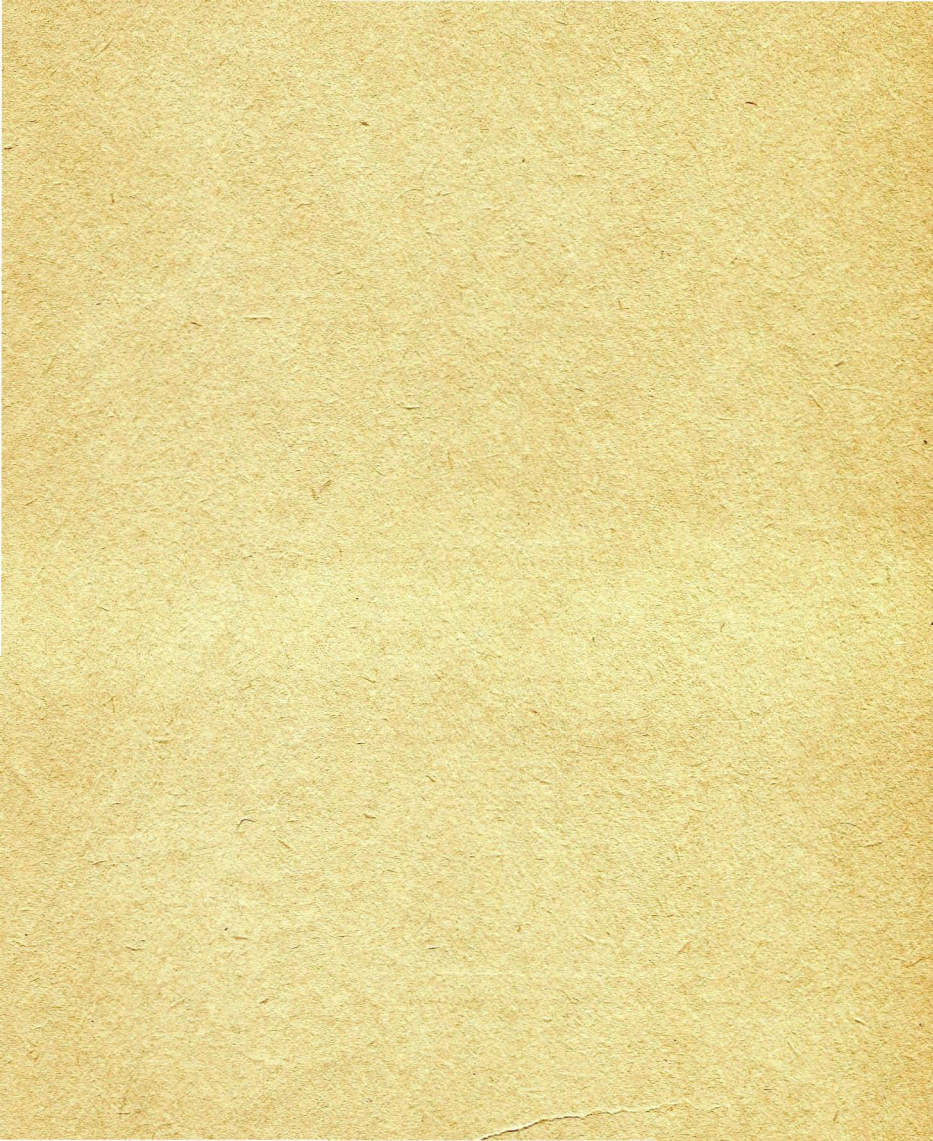
WE are glad that Fred Kohler has “come back” as mayor of Cleveland. We never did like the idea of his being dismissed as chief of police of Cleveland a few years ago, because the circumstances didn’t just seem to warrant it. Kohler gained a national reputation as the “Golden Rule Chief.” He was different from most police chiefs. He had an idea that poverty is not a crime and that the girl who drifted into the tenderloin might be somebody’s sister. He had a habit of sending drunks home instead of to jail. First offenders in minor matters were released with a warning. Few arrests instead of as many as possible was the rule. But the known confirmed crook “got his.” It was a sane police administration that Fred Kohler handed out and he was destined for better

things for everybody liked him. And then one night in the hot summer a fellow by the name of Shearer dove through the kitchen window of his home without waiting to open the window. He was suspicious of his wife's actions and dove through the window to see what he could see. And as he stood there in the twilight with the window sash around his neck, he beheld Chief Kohler sitting beside the ice box with his shoes off and his collar and tie off and he was sipping a bottle of beer that had come from Shearer's private stock. And Mrs. Shearer was upstairs examining her hemstitchery or something of the sort. Shearer didn't think it was right for the chief of police to be sitting in his stocking feet sipping beer, with his collar and tie haloizing the family Bible, while the wife entertained the Golden Rule Officer. So he complained to the Civil Service Commission. Newton Baker, later Secretary Baker of the Wilson Cabinet, was then mayor of Cleveland. Charges were filed at his instigation, the Golden Rule Chief was measured by his nickname and found wanting and since that time Fred Kohler has been in private life, and hasn't been caught in anybody's kitchen in his stocking feet sipping beer and being otherwise entertained by the wife of the house while her husband was away.

But now comes Kohler in an independent campaign which elects him mayor of Cleveland. The stocking-footed episode has evidently been forgotten. There wasn't much to it after all. The fact is that Fred is a sociable fellow and on this particular June evening when he called at the Shearer home it was hottenell and he just happened to be a friend of the

family so he dropped in on the way home for a rest and a little visit. He had evidently been there before and he felt the welcome that smiled upon him from the door mat. So he took off his collar and tie because the former had wilted and the latter was no good without the former. And he took off his shoes because his corns hurt. And Mrs. Shearer saw that he was tired and offered him some refreshments. And about that time Shearer blew in and both Kohler and Mrs. Shearer thought only of burglars. So the chief hid behind the ice-box to lay in wait for the burglar and Mrs. Shearer flew upstairs. That was all there was to it. Purely circumstantial evidence based on Fred's shoeless and collarless carelessness and Mrs. Shearer's red ears when she found it was her husband who had called so unceremoniously. And we'll wager that Kohler will keep his shoes and collar on when he goes calling in the future and that he'll make the best mayor Cleveland ever had not even excepting Secretary Baker.







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